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AUTOMATICALLY PRINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

MR. P. H. FEARON

"POY" OF THE "EVENING NEWS"

Mr. P. H. Fearon ("Poy"), who died in hospital at Putney early yesterday morning at the age of 74, after a long illness, had given much pleasure, and justly earned a wide fame, as a cartoonist for the *Evening News* and the *Daily Mail*.

Percy Hutton Fearon, the fourth son of the late Robert Inglis Fearon, was born in Shanghai on September 6, 1874. He studied art in New York, and later under Herkomer at Bushey, where he must have been, in his way, almost as incongruous in that Wagnerian atmosphere as William Nicholson or James Pryde. He soon developed the precise, clean style which he made his own, his first cartoons appearing in that now forgotten comic paper *Judy*. In 1905 he took up an appointment as cartoonist for the *Manchester Evening Chronicle*, and later joined the *Sunday Chronicle* and *Daily Dispatch*, before going to the *Evening News* in 1913. His work continued to appear in that paper until 1935, and he then worked for three years for the *Daily Mail* before retiring in 1938. His pseudonym "Poy" is supposed to have been a relic of his New York days, when he was hailed as "Poycy."

Poy's work had some of the careful dexterity and easy humour of Richard Doyle, as well as some of the latter's gift for handling a number of figures in a small space. He did not attempt the freedom of line of his colleague Tom Webster, while his manner and matter were always less sophisticated than those of his competitor David Low. Catering for a wide public, he was most successful in poking mild and always friendly fun at a succession of politicians. In 34 years of daily work he produced 10,000 cartoons, and created such lasting figures as "John Citizen," "Cuthbert" (the conscientious objector of the 1914-18 war), "Dilly" and "Dally," those ineffectual, well meaning little men in tall hats, and the formidable and mournful harridan "Dora." His work was always good tempered and friendly, though it lacked the "bite"—and the class-consciousness—which has belonged to the greatest of his craft. But he belonged to a more tolerant generation than our own; he was, perhaps, in the line of succession to "F. C. G." and had the latter's gift for obtaining a good likeness. Quiet and retiring by nature, Fearon was generous with his talent to his friends, many of them fellow-members of the Savage Club, and to any good cause that appealed to him.

— 100 —

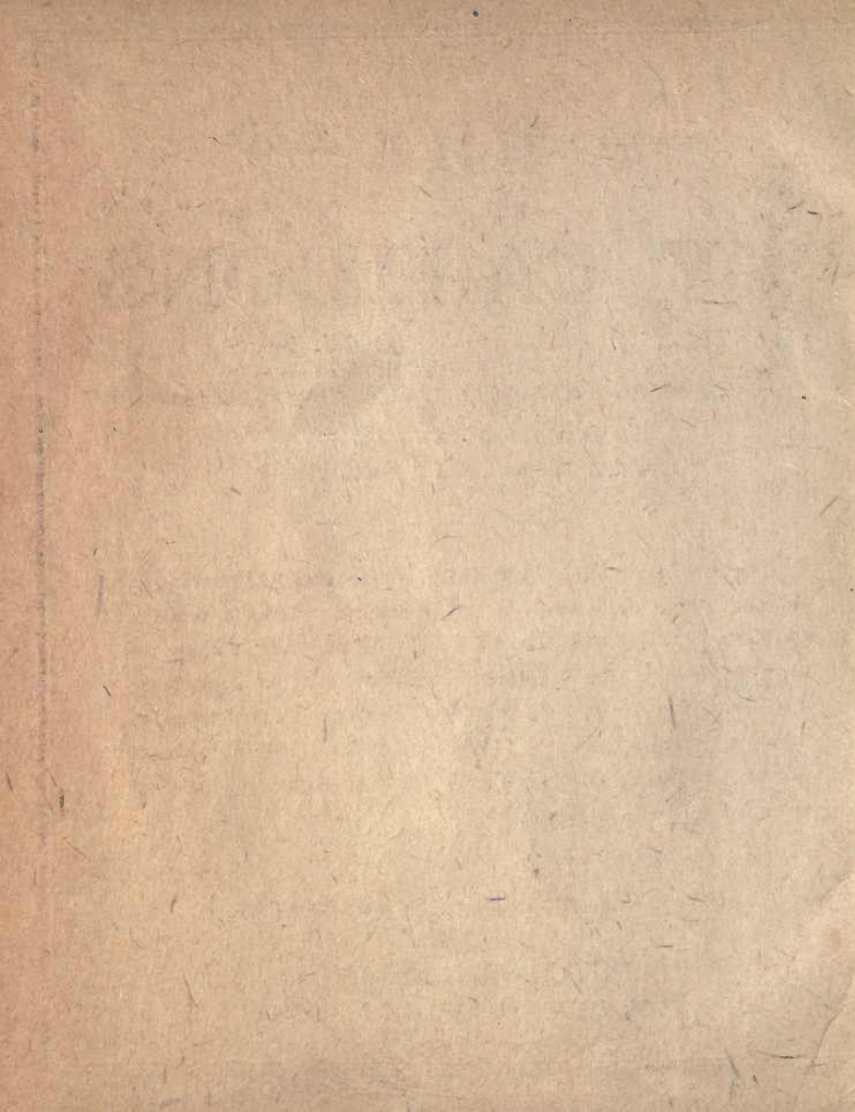
POY CARTOONS

REPRINTED FROM THE LONDON
"Evening News" and "Daily Mail"

POY



LONDON:
HUTCHINSON & CO.
34-36, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. 4





BEHOLD HOW A
CERTAIN MAN
DID CAST A STONE SO THAT TWO BIRDS WERE KILLED.

Reprinted from the Babylonian "Evening News" (6.30 Ed.). Circa 2112 B.C.

I am a lover of birds and so to

TWO BIRDS

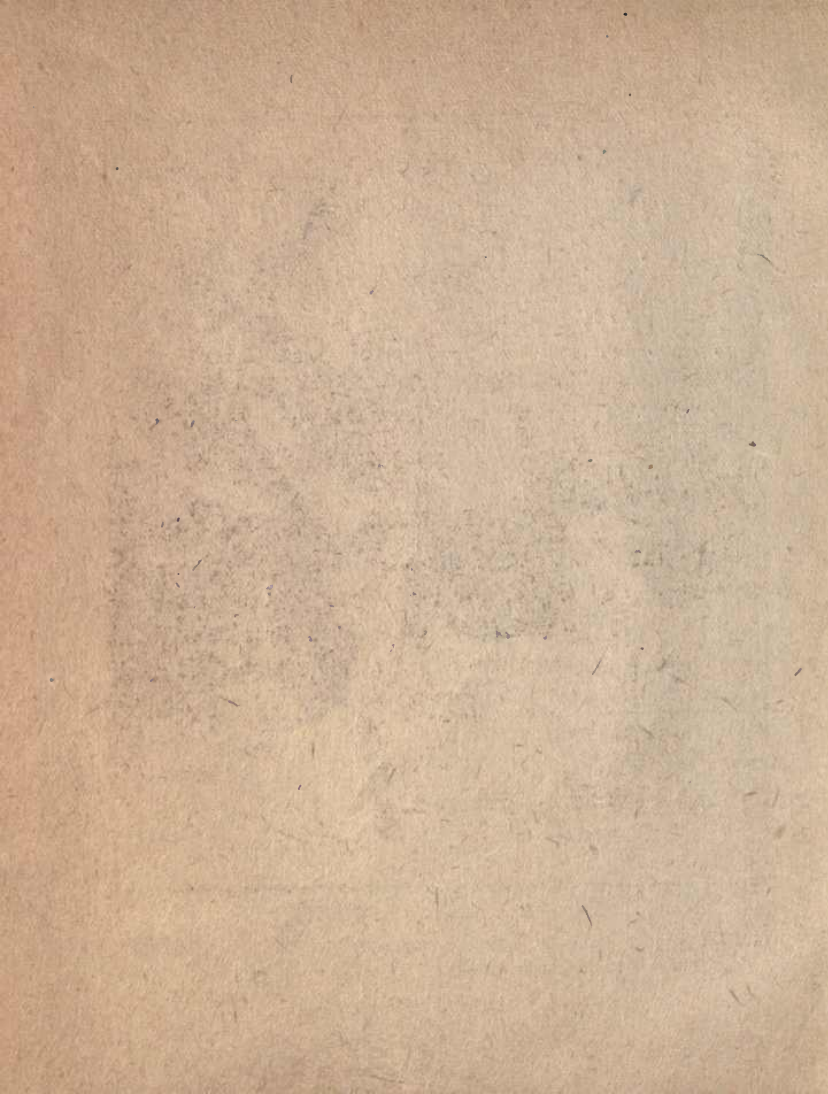
I dedicate this book. First there is the Bird that writes in to ask when, oh! when, am I going to publish a Book of Cartoons? Also there is that other Bird that asks to be supplied with a copy of this or that cartoon, "on good paper—or even the original would do." Between them these Two Birds scratch the garden of my spare time into a thousand pieces. Perhaps, then, this book may be regarded as a stone with which I am having a shot.

* * * * *

I can think of no other excuse for its publication.

POY.

Westminster,
July, 1920.

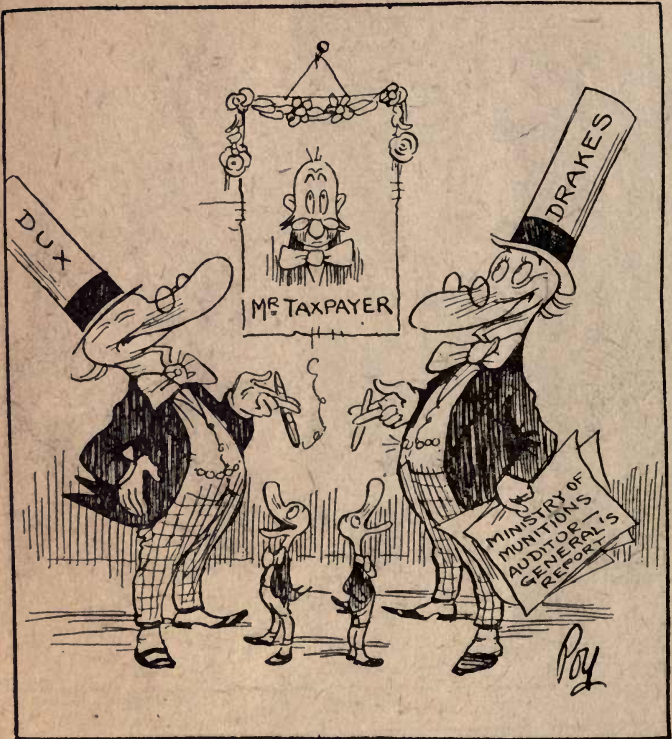




THE POOR OLD HAS-BEEN.

SMALL BOY: "Not this year, thank you. We've got more Guys at home than we can handle!"

(Cartoon last Fifth of November.)



WHOM did you do in the Great War, Daddy?



THE WRONG SHOP.

JOHN : " I want to see some ships."

DILLY : " Ships! That must be another department. *This is only Shipyards!*"

(The taxpayer was staggered to see untold millions spent in never-completed shipyards, and no return in the way of ships.)



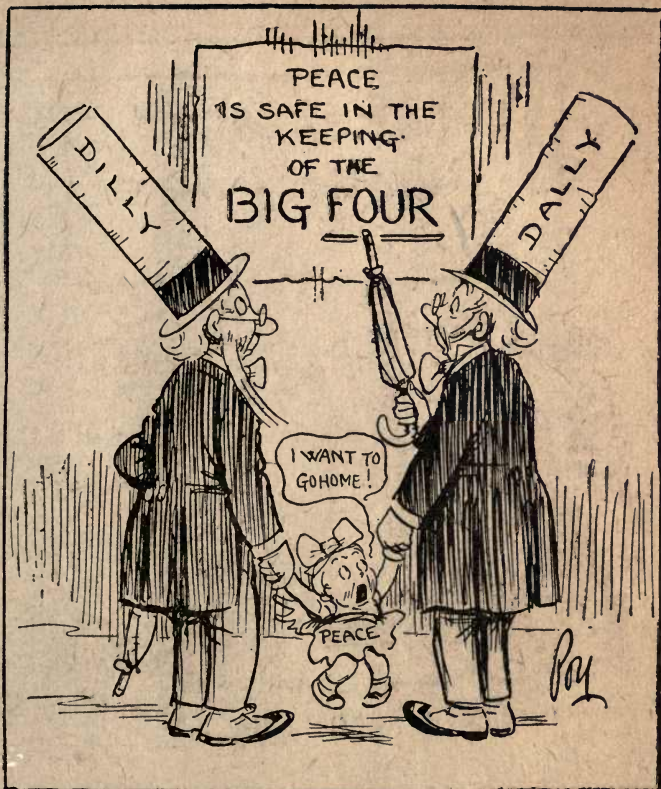
Oo—er !



The Babe in the Wood.



"The Big Four."



HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS!

DALLY: "Four? Who are the other two?"



The Great Hold-up.

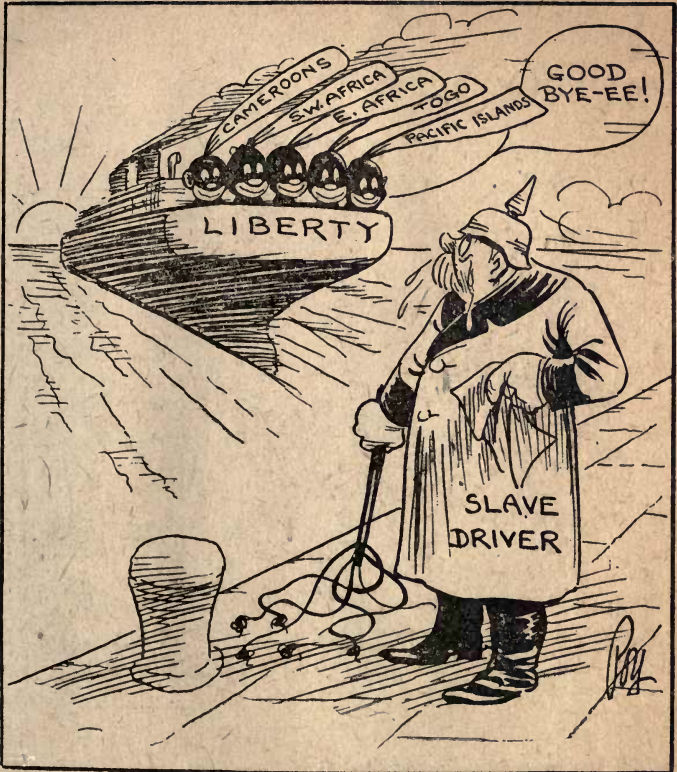


Constant Dripping wears away the Hardest Stone.



EX-AIRMAN FRITZ: "Trust me to find [those British] nurseries.
I've dumped 'toys' on 'em before!"

(A cartoon on a threatened invasion of German toys.)



"Himmel! How I'll miss them!"
 (A cartoon on Germany's farewell to her colonies.)



THAT POCKET SEARCHING.

DAVID: "We shall search their pockets for it."

POOR JOHN: "Yes, I believe you!"



Look what's come out!



The "Waits."



INNOCENCE ABROAD.

JOHN CITIZEN : " It says here that the French fixed yesterday as the definite end of the War."

OFFICIALDOM : " Poor things, they can't have seen our chimneys ! "



HE'D LOVE TO—BUT——

CHAIRMAN OF RECEPTION COMMITTEE: "You must be tired after all your fighting. Won't you sit down?"



“ Oh, What a Happy Land is England ! ”



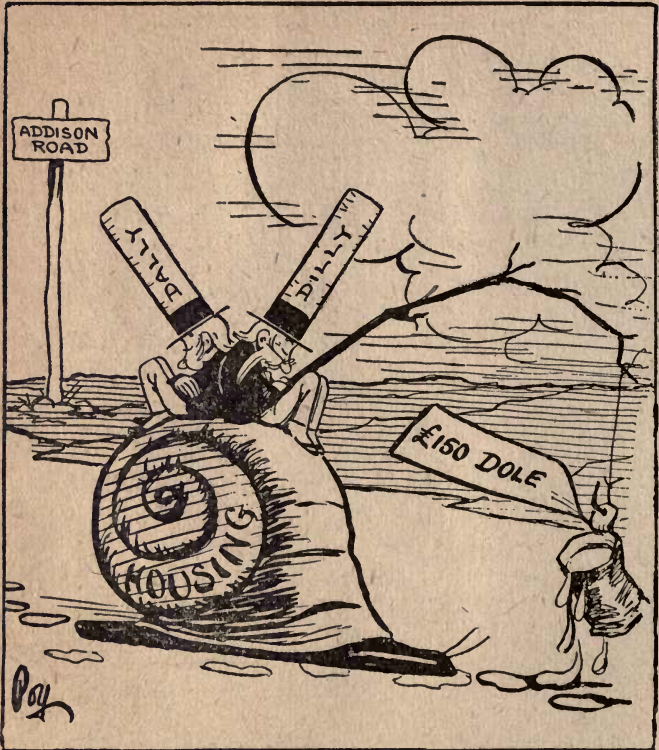
ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

DALLY: "Shortage of hotels? What tommy-rot! Why, we have about 'umpty'-six ourselves!"



THE CASTLES IN THE AIR.

JOHN CITIZEN: "Yes, but I don't want them up there; I want them down here!"



GREASING THE LIGHTNING.

(Dr. Addison hoped to expedite his Housing Scheme by a system of doles.)



Addison Road.



THEIR HOUSING PROBLEM.

THE TENANTS: "If we knew of a better home we'd go to it!"



"WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS."

(The Peace Rejoicings were hardly over when we found ourselves confronted by the menace of a Coal War.)



" I wish she'd take her hat off ! "

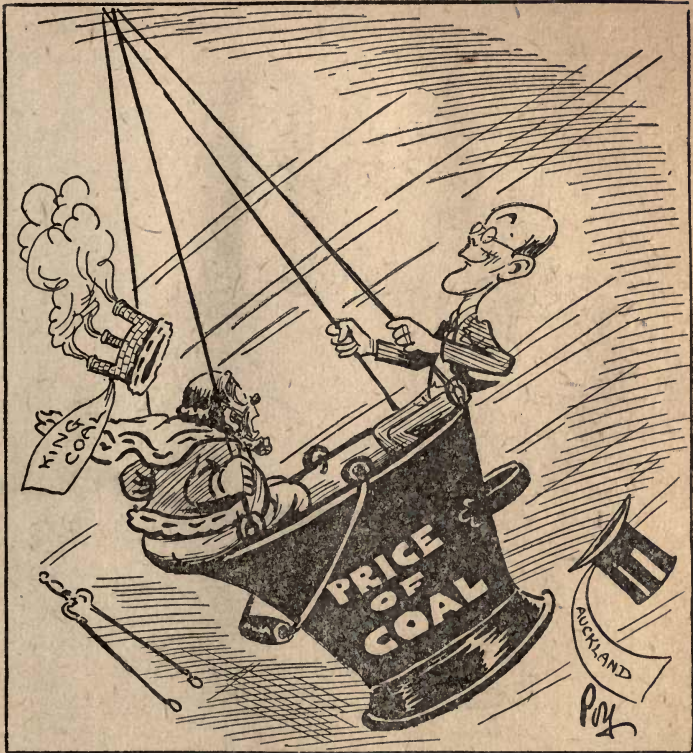


“Don’t go down the mine, Daddy!”



A MERE TRIFLE.

DOCTOR AUCKLAND: "No, it's nothing much. You've been done in the eye with a lump of coal, that's all!"



Here we go up, up, up!
 And here we go down, down, down-o!
 And here we go backwards and forwards!
 And here we go round, round, round-o!



What's the Betting ?



PRUNES AND PRISMS.

JOHN : " There's heaps and heaps in there and the ' Open Sesame ' is ' Prize Bonds ! ' "

OFFICIALDOM : " Oh, sir, I couldn't pollute these lips with such words ! "



The Spring Handicap.



REMOVE THAT THORN.

UNCLE SAM: "Come on, John; we're all ready for the start."

JOHN: "I'm not!"



The Law and the Profits.



WHAT THEY ALL SAY.

"Well, we ain't too fat, we're just comfortable."

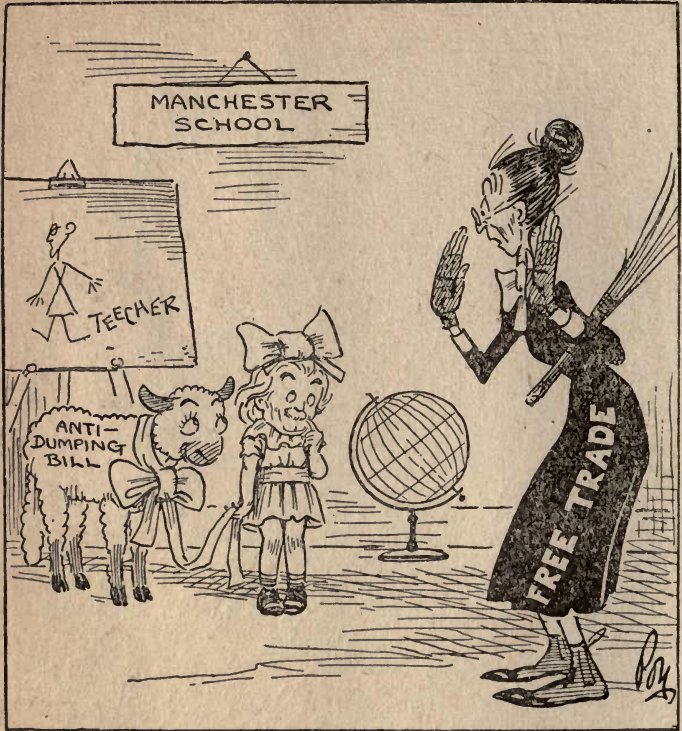


NOT ENOUGH TO GO ROUND.

(A cartoon on the numerical inferiority of our male population.)



"Excelsior."



MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

"It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule."

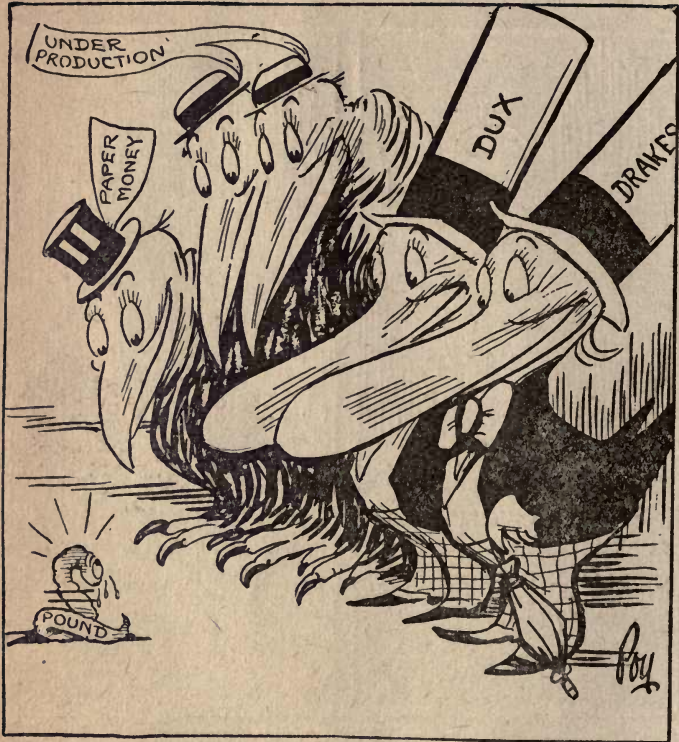


DEAR *Manchester*
 I HAVE MUCH PLEASURE
 IN SENDING YOU A PHOTO.
 OF SELF WITH SPIRIT OF
Cobden
 YOURS DEVOTEDLY
David



DEAR *Birmingham*
 I HAVE MUCH PLEASURE
 IN SENDING YOU A PHOTO.
 OF SELF WITH SPIRIT OF
Chamberlain
 YOURS DEVOTEDLY
David

Spirit Photography.



What chance has a poor little worm ?



Helping a Lame Dog over a Stile.



THE GUIDE.

DAVID: "Is he experienced? Why, my dear sir, he's got medals for falling off every peak in the whole range!"



BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

CYNICAL OWL: "Well, you've got a nice day for it."

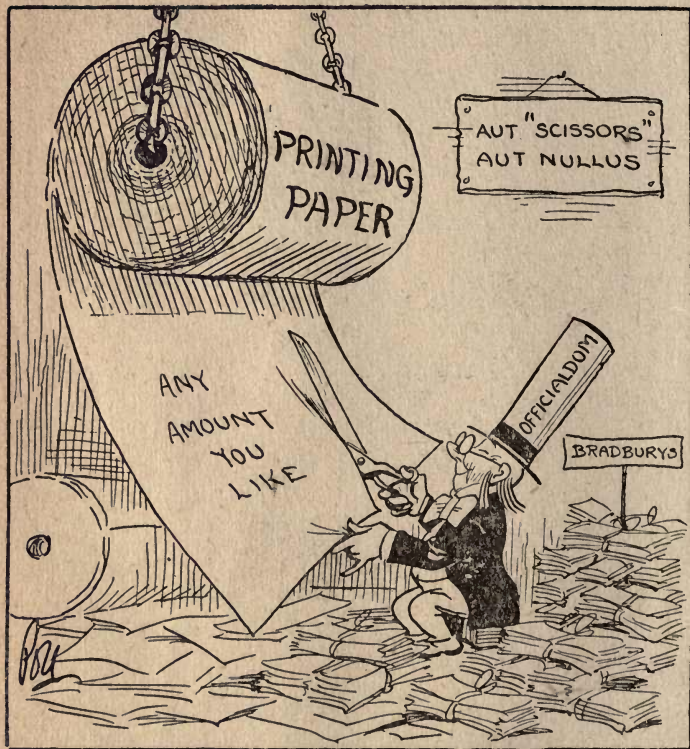


INFANT PHENOMENON: "But you promised me a part."

MANAGER: "Yes, dearie, in the next show. But, good gracious, child, this one may run for years yet!"



The Strap Hanger.



"Reel" Money.



WHAT IT'S COMING TO.

WAGE EARNER: "Look, Martha, I've got money to burn!"

MARTHA (who has been trying to shop): "Yes, that's just about all it's good for!"



THE TWO ROUTES.

WIDEAWAKE BOY: "Chuck it, Ginger! We've decided to go down the ladder!"



Hasn't anybody got a Drop of Oil ?



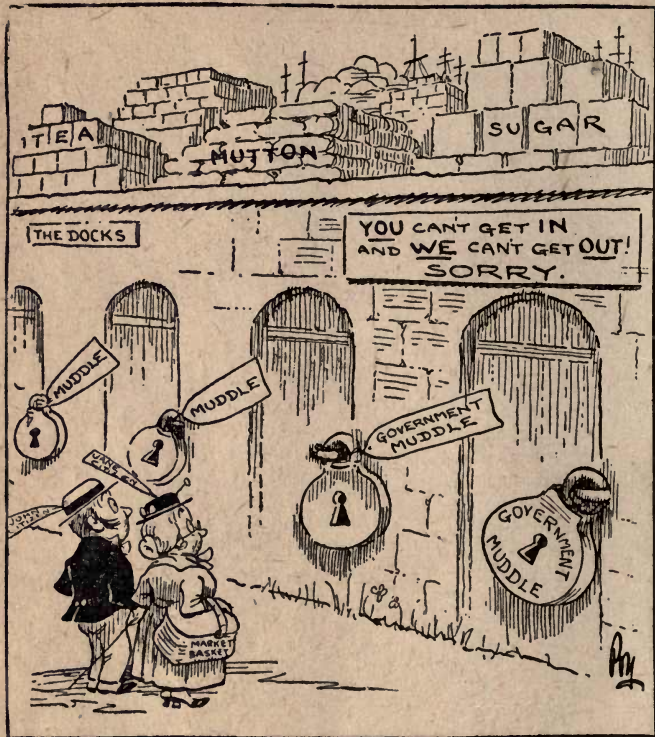
PLEASE, MR. STORK.

JOHN CITIZEN: "Hi! Couldn't you drop another one of those down here?"



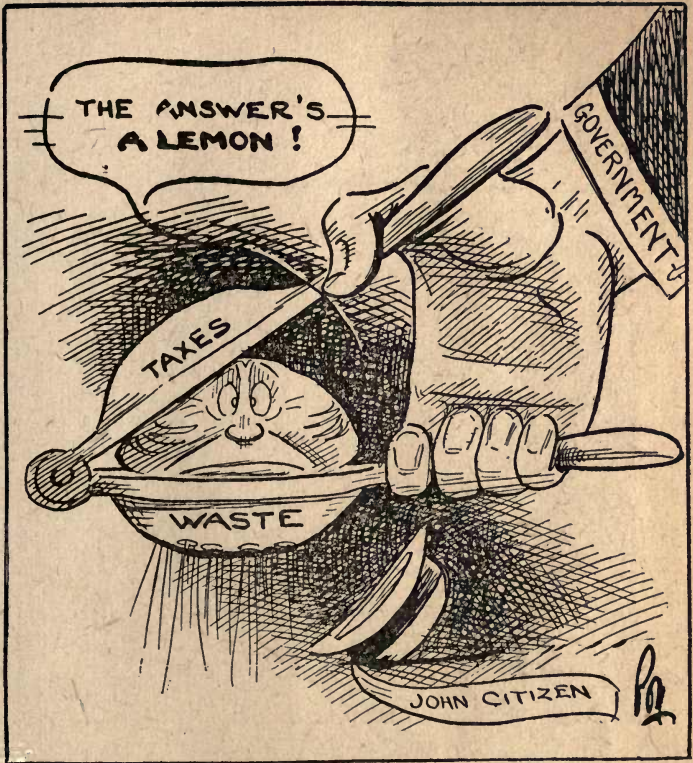
THE LONG, LONG FLIGHT.

Problem: How many more steps must he take to reach it?

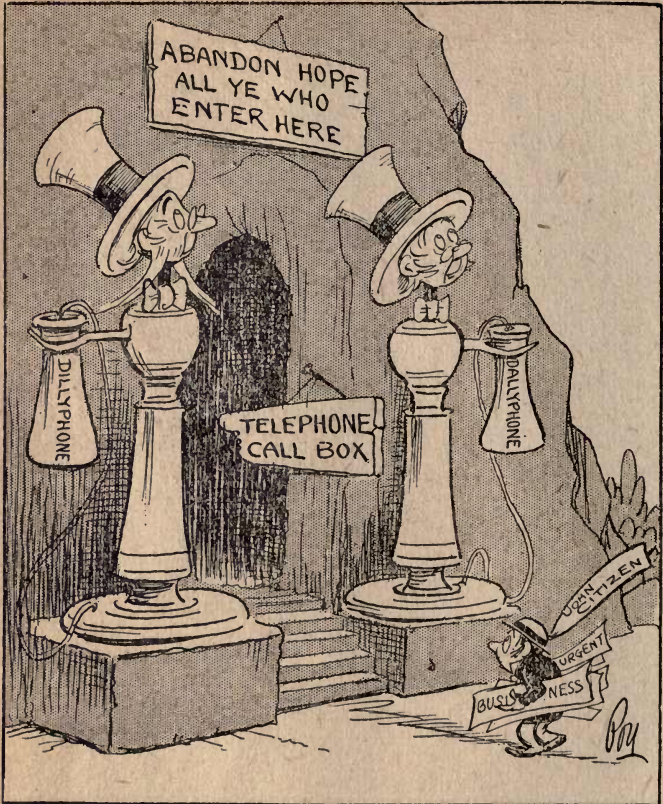


LOCKS AND QUAYS,
OR SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

(A cartoon at the time of the docks congestion muddle.)



What are "The Middle Classes?"



THE CAVE OF LOST CHANCES.

(A cartoon during the *Evening News* Campaign for an improved telephone service.)



THE DÉBUTANTE.

Georgina's "Coming Out."

(A cartoon upon the Premier's first appearance in his place to answer questions since his Government was formed.)



THE CATS COME BACK.

ASQUITH: "By Jove, Haldane, doesn't it look just like old times?"



The Winter Sales.



“GOING” NICELY.

JOHN CITIZEN: “And how are all the family, Mother George?”

MOTHER GEORGE: “Not so badly, thank you, sir. *I only lost two this week!*”



BON VOYAGE.

OPERATOR: "You want to send a message?"

DAVID: "Yes. 'Arrived safely, all's well.'"



"THE CROCK"—OFFICIAL.

DOCTOR: "I tell you you are C 3, and who ever heard of me making a mistake?"



WINSTON: "You couldn't wear a hat like this. It would make you look so silly!"

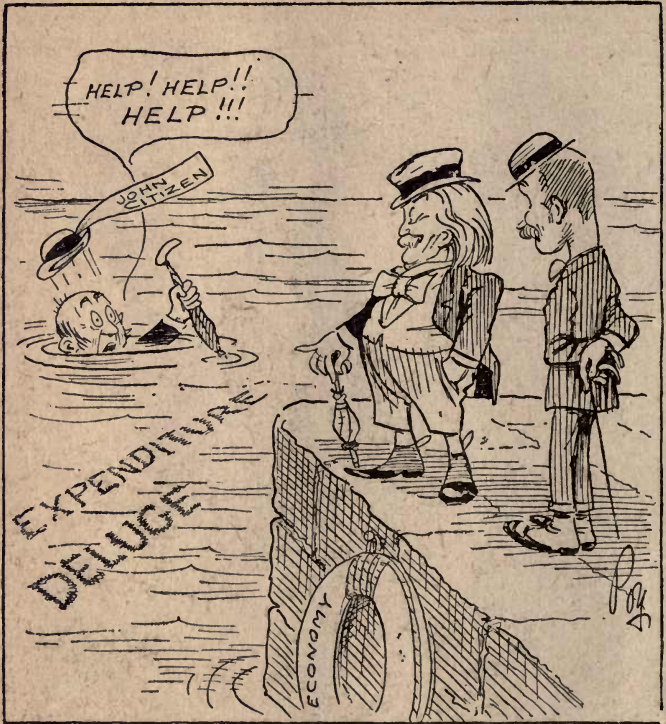


Scandal.



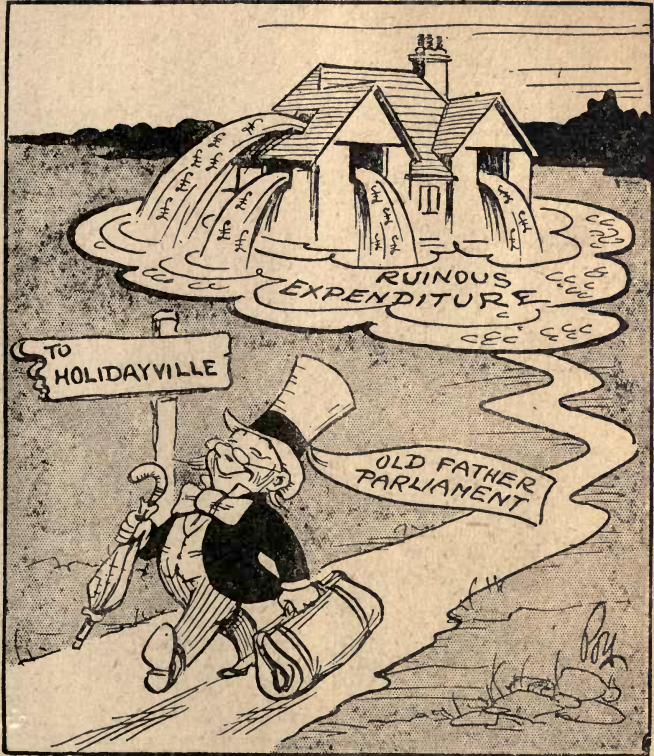
"SO THERE!"

ST. GEORGE: "I WILL have a dragon—even if I have to make one myself!"

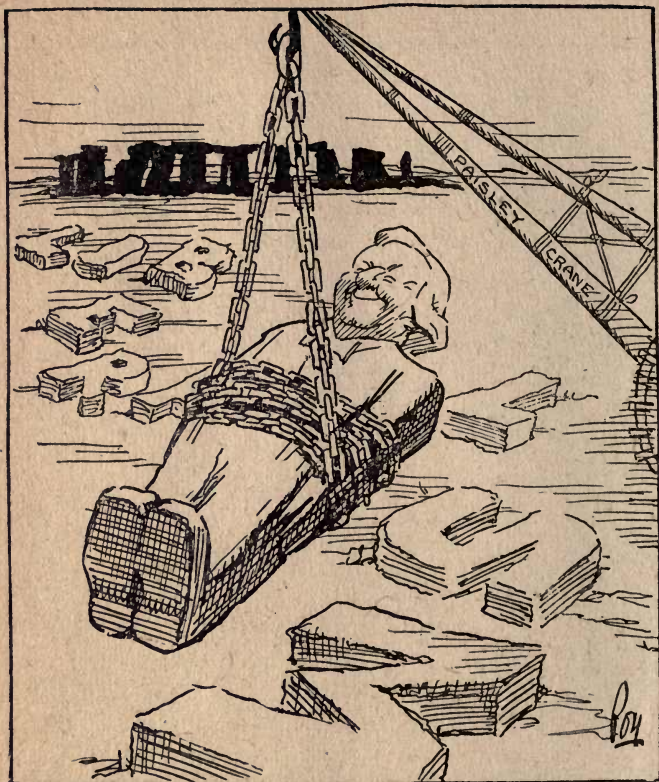


THE "STUNT HUNTER."

DAVID: "Oh, I say! Just listen to the stunt he is putting up now!!!"



And left the taps running.



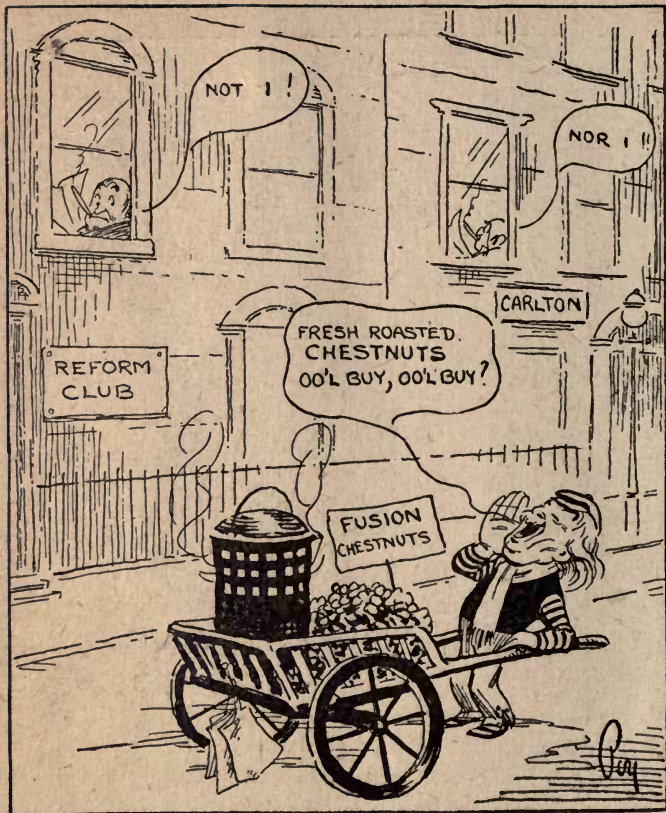
RESTORING STONEHENGE.

Steps are now being taken to re-raise our prehistoric monoliths.

(A cartoon on Mr. Asquith's return for Paisley.)



He will never get over!



The Cries of London,



DECLINED WITH THANKS.

BONAR: "Well, how did you come out?"

SPRING POET: "Oh, straight through the door and down the steps!"



SO WHY WORRY?

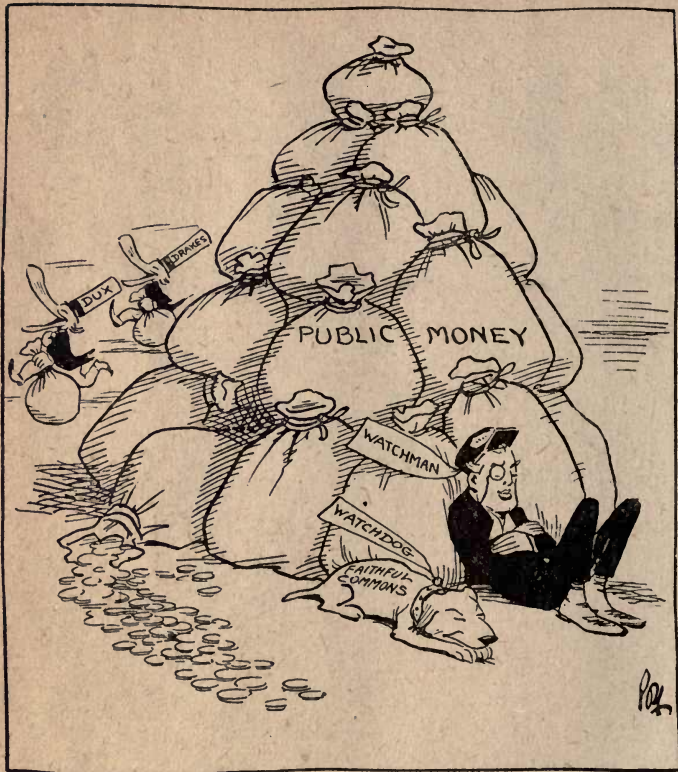
JOHN: "Good gracious! What are you doing with your money?"

DEPARTMENTAL CHIEF: "It's not my money, it's *YOURS!*"



A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

DAVID: "No, I haven't exactly *dammed* it yet,—but I never hesitate to condemn it!"



THE WATCH ON THE RHINO.

WATCHDOG: "You know, you ought to be awake,"

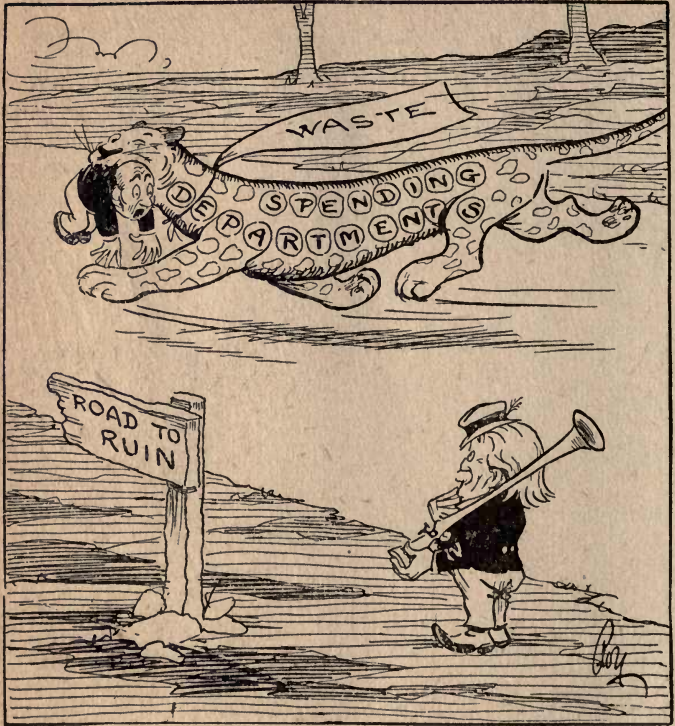
WATCHMAN: "So ought you."

BOTH: "Snore, snore, snore!"



THESE PIPING TIMES.

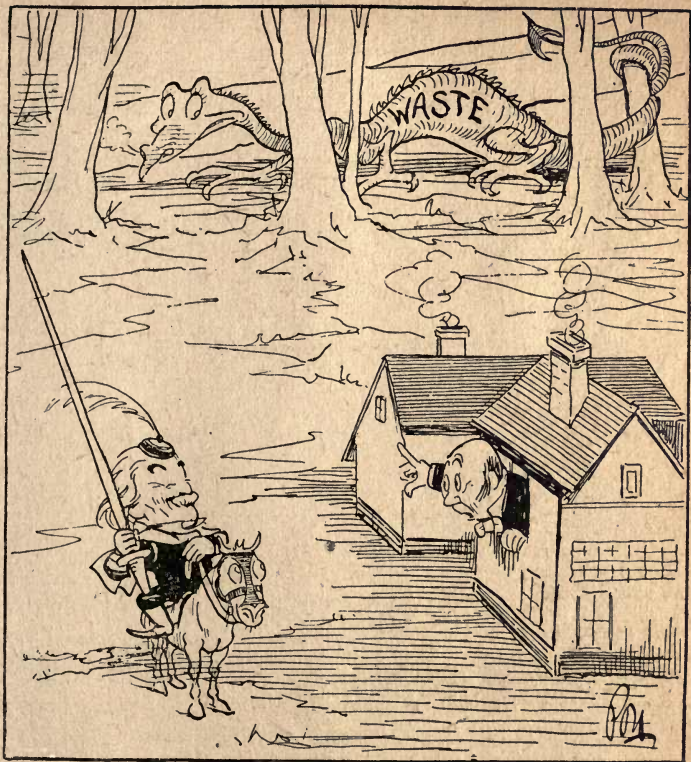
PLUMBER: "No, sir, the leakages have stopped. What you notice now is merely percolation."



SO DIFFICULT TO DECIDE.

JOHN: "Hi, there! Quick! Shoot him on the spot!"

DAVID: "W-w-which spot?"



DEEDS OF DERRING DON'T.

JOHN : " Haven't you killed the Dragon yet ? "

GEORGE : " No, but I've given it such a look ! "



THEIR IDEAL HOME.

"Lovely spot, isn't it?"

"Yes—FOR DUCKS."



A "SALE!" A "SALE!"

(Showing how the Government were rescued from a truly dreadful situation.)



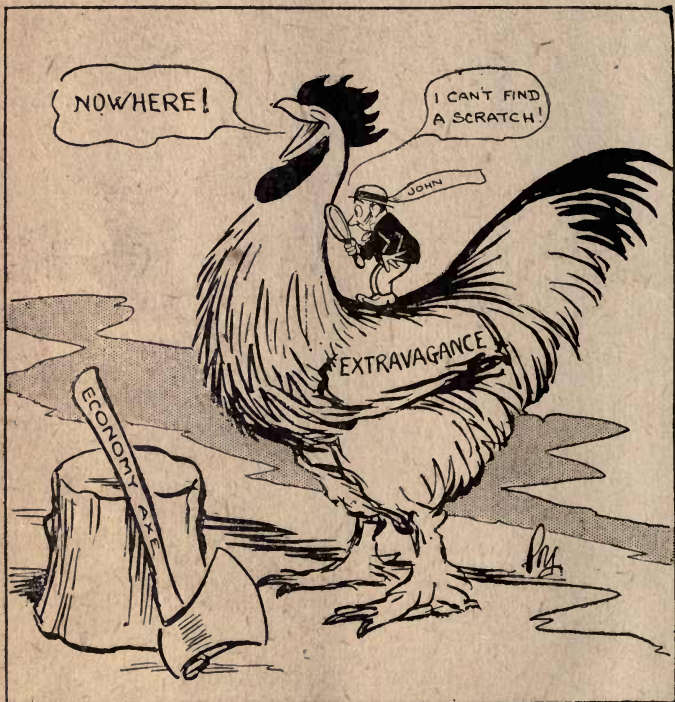
Can't get in anywhere !



ON THE ROCKS.

OFFICIAL JEREMIAH: "Woe unto us, I say! Woe unto us!"

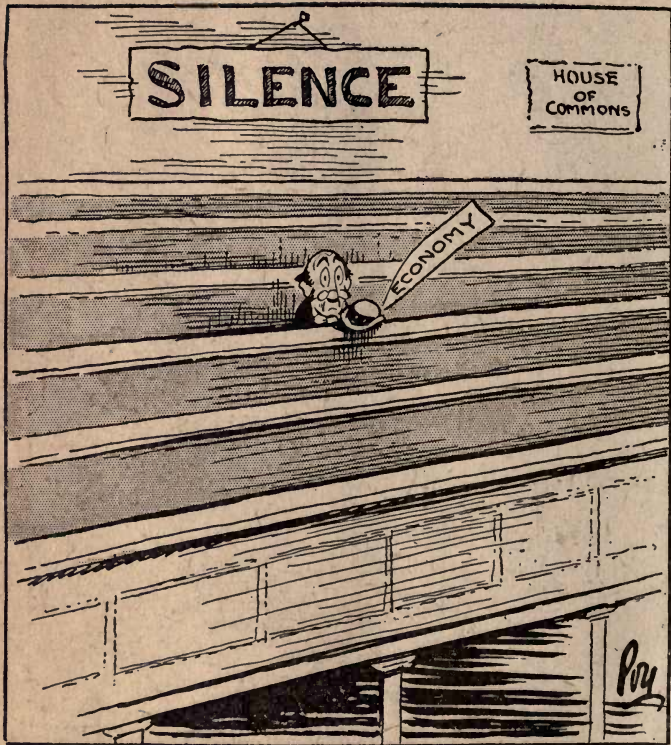
JOHN CITIZEN: Why not try saying 'Whoa!' unto the horse?"



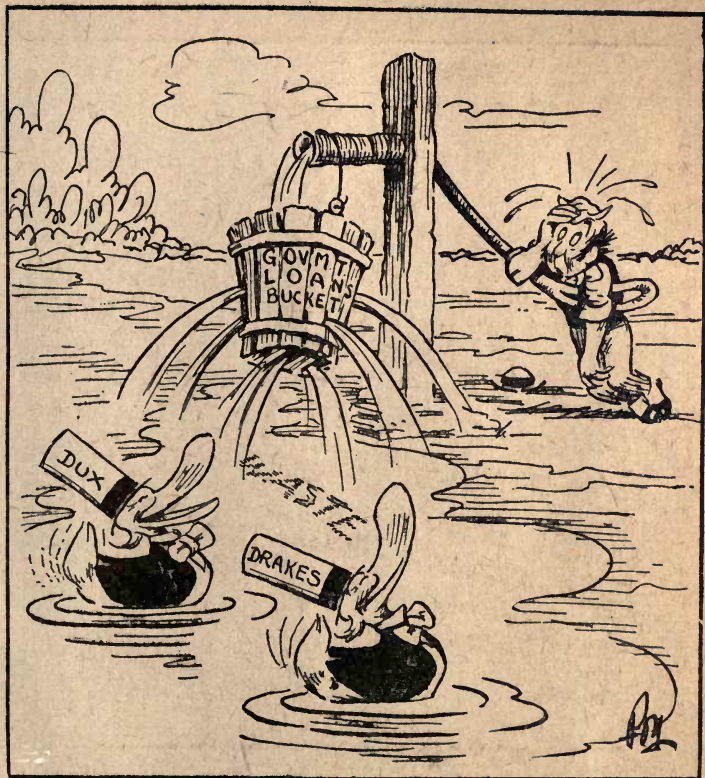
Where did the Chicken get the Axe?



There are more ways than one of cutting down a tree.



The Strangers' Gallery.



PUMPED OUT!

DUX AND DRAKES: "Keep it up, John. Surely you can't be tired!"



DAVID: "You can search me if you like. There is positively no deception!"



TRAPPED.

THE TWO: "What we say is, if he doesn't love it, why does he stick to it like that?"



Not to be outdone by the Royal Academy, our "Dadaists" hold an exhibition of their own.

("Dadaism" is the latest cult in eccentric art circles.)



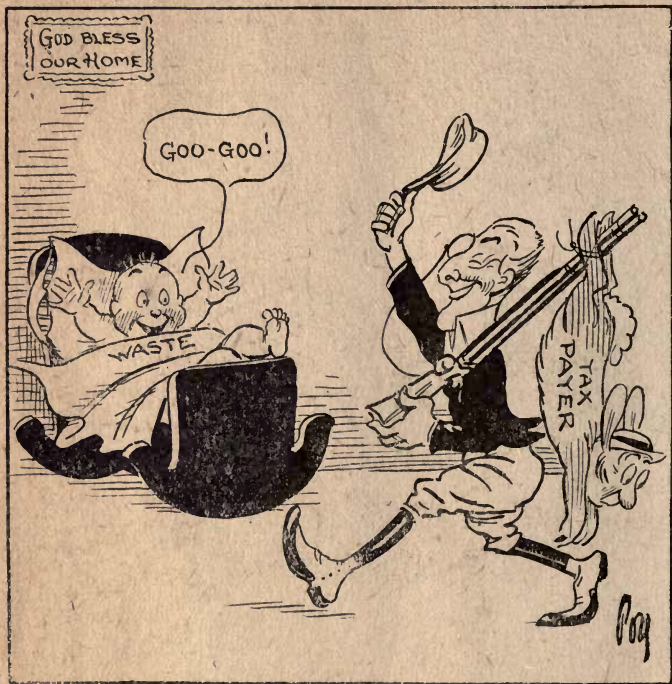
THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX.

JOHN : " What are you here for ? "

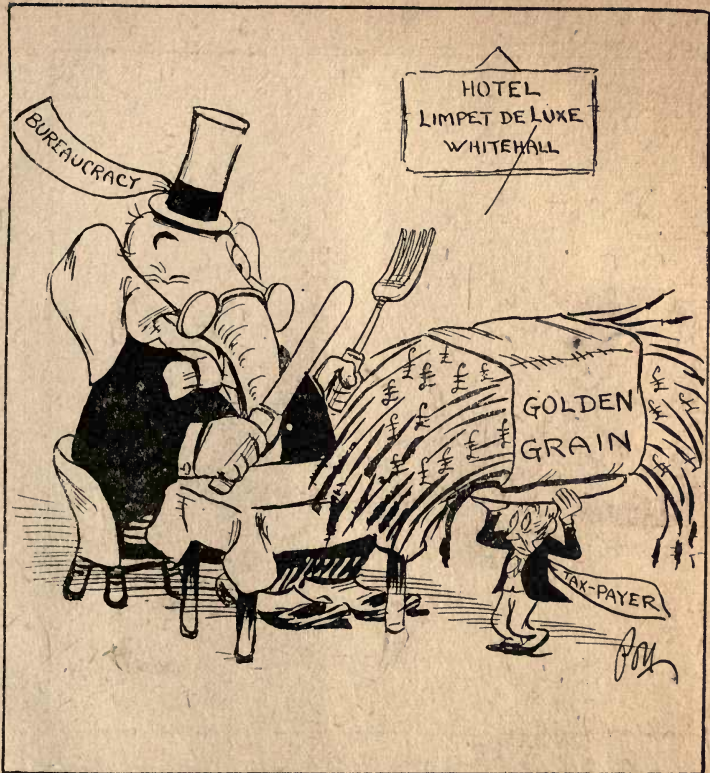
SPHINX : " I'm here to look after the Pyramids. "

JOHN : " And what are the Pyramids for ? "

SPHINX : " Oh ! They're here for me to look after ! "

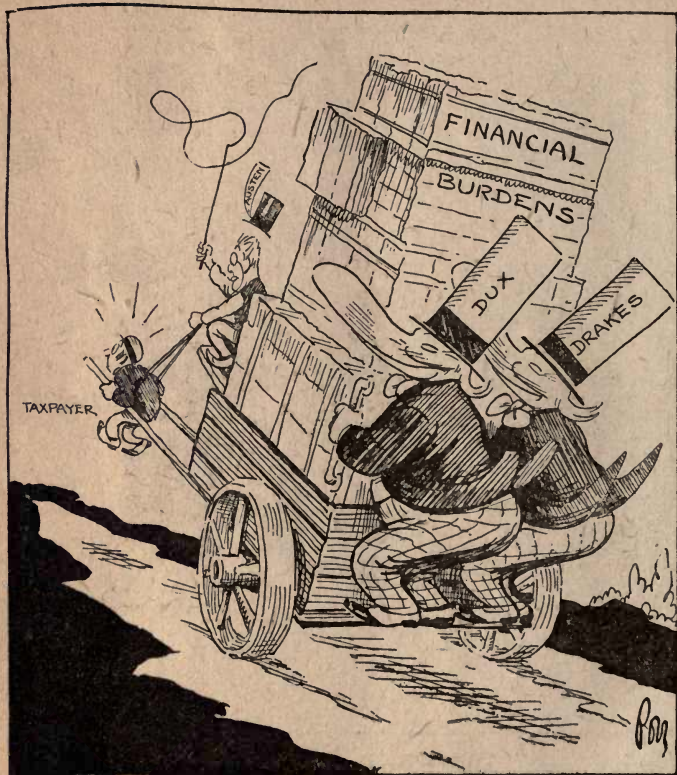


Bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's come from hunting,
And brought a little rabbit skin
To wrap up Baby Bunting in.



THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

The elephant ate all night,
 The elephant ate all day;
 Do what we would to furnish it food,
 It cried for still more hay.



Whip Behind!



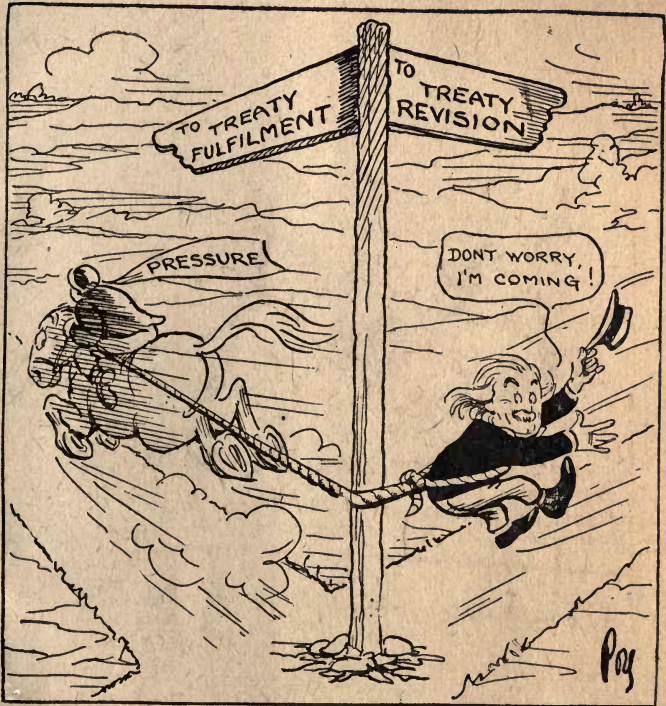
THAT (T)RUSTY BLADE.

EXECUTIONER: "Admiring the bloodstains, eh?"

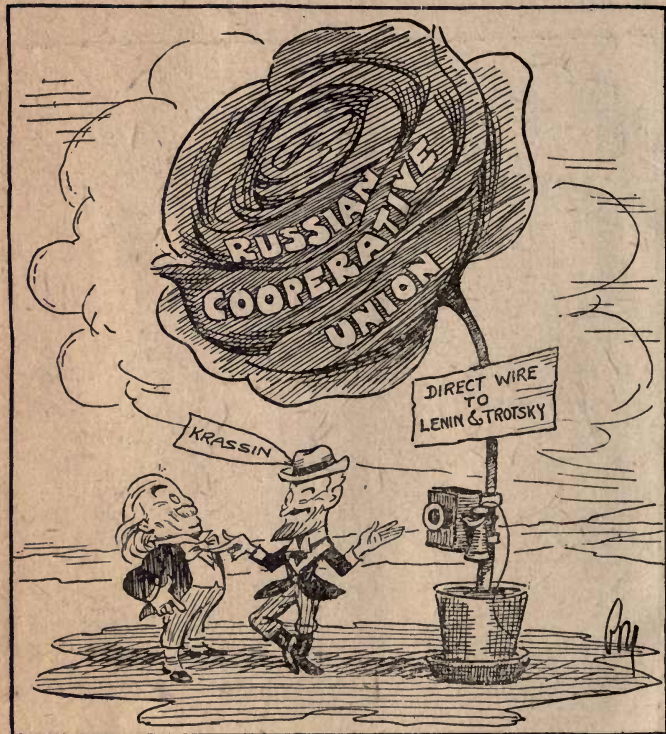
JOHN: "Bloodstains? It looks to me more like rust!"



P.C. BULL: "Come off it—do you hear?"

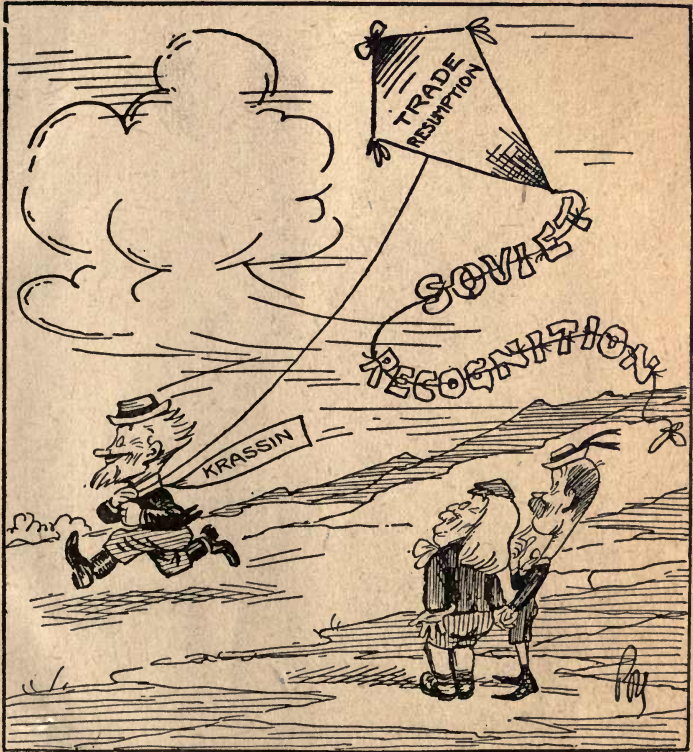


The Boy who took the right turning.



SUB ROSA.

KRASSIN : " Twigg-y-vouski ? "



"K-k-k-Kitey, Beautiful Kitey."



"Every Picture tells a story."



"Gin a Body meet a Body coming thro' the Rye."

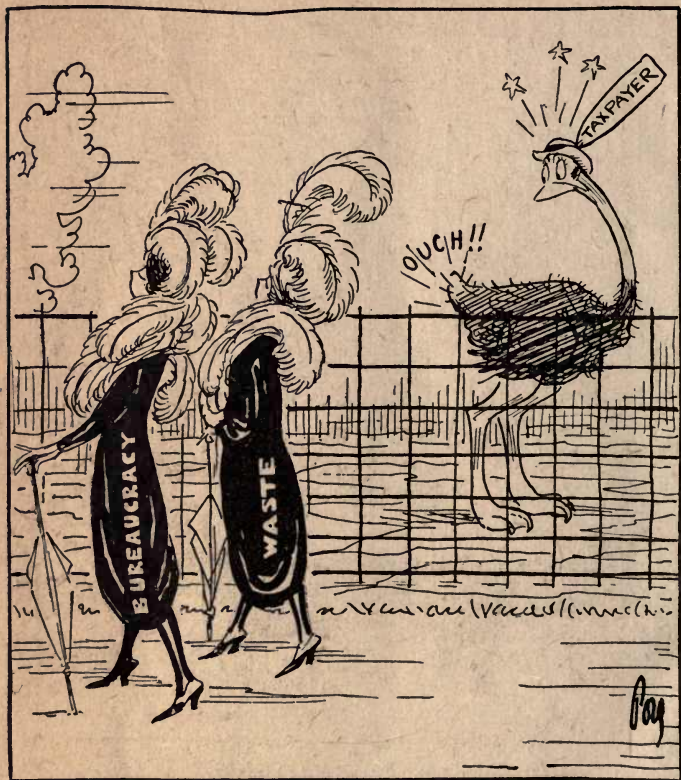


THE LAND OF FREEDOM.

LENIN: "Ah! my dear Trotsky, where else could you find such freedom? Where else could you get such juicy morsels for nothing?"



WE, TOO, HAVE OUR TYRANTS.
THE TWO: "Take him out and skin him!"



Where the Feathers go.



MAKING BOTH ENDS "MEAT."

FE FI TAXES (to Fo Fum Rates): "That's all there is. Shall we split it between us?"



"THEY DO LIKE TO BE BESIDE THE SEASIDE!"

M. MILLERAND: "How like San Remo. The same sea—the same air—the same sand—and, *ma foi*, the same people!"



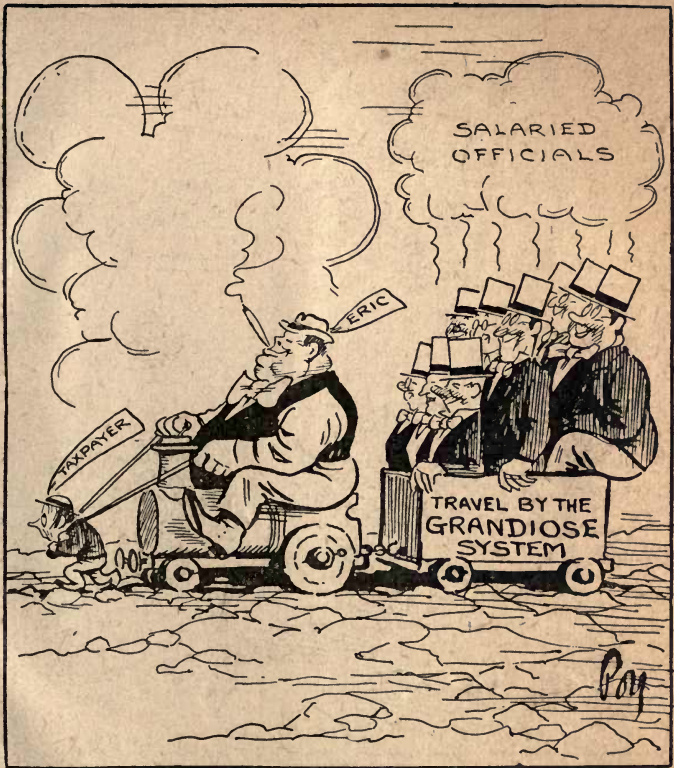
There must have been a nut loose somewhere !
(A cartoon on the sudden collapse of the War Wealth Taxation Scheme.)



A TERRIBLE TASK.

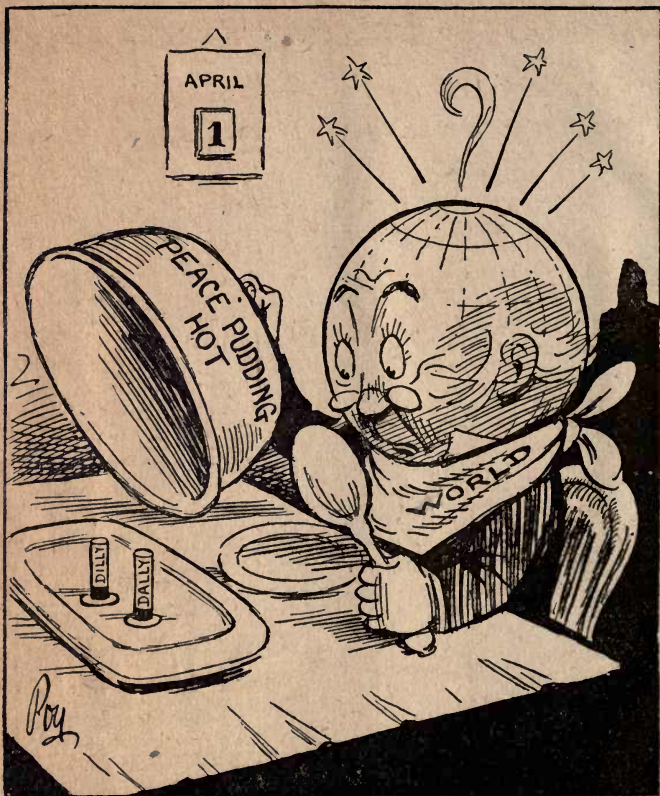
KEEPER OF REFERENCE LIBRARY: "Anything I can do for you, sir?"

AUSTEN: "Yes; you see I've sworn to stand by what I've said, and, if possible, I'd like to find out what that is."



TRANSPORT.

ERIC: "I don't see why it shouldn't work. The machinery is perfectly simple."



"April Fool."

180



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